

And  
ne was  
I was  
super.  
mpter,  
ose it  
at. I  
mes-  
when  
up!"  
ouldn't  
t was  
as I  
r me,  
at the  
black  
ow to  
g, but  
its, in  
ybody  
e rest.  
—in-  
ve me  
him.  
ng no  
most  
ffered  
hing-  
how  
ply of  
ation,  
gh it  
find  
have  
st at  
He  
could  
He  
ecide,  
ngular  
than  
nate  
offer.  
that  
ven-  
draw  
day  
head  
tage-  
s till  
l re-  
Sir  
your  
aster  
d to

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 556. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## AT HER MERCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERD," "A PERFECT TREASURE," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER V. IN WHICH LORD DIRLETON OVER-REACHES HIMSELF.

WHETHER the proverb, "Everybody has his good point," is one worthy of acceptance, is, in our opinion, open to some doubt, since, in the case of a thoroughly offensive personage, the point in which he displays himself to less disadvantage than in others is but too often set down as a "good" one; but with respect to Lord Dirleton the saying had a proper application enough. He was a tyrannical old Turk, highly disreputable in many ways, and venerable in none, but he was redeemed by some social virtues. He was liberal, not to say lavish, with his money; affectionate, not to say amorous, in his disposition, and at least as violent in his preferences as in his dislikes. Moreover, he hated a sneak (which he shrewdly suspected his nephew Dick to be), and held a hearty, plain-spoken fellow (provided that his opinions did not disagree with his own) in genuine estimation. Had it been for this reason alone, he would have liked the captain; but since the latter went also "straight as a bird" across country, was a crack shot, and his godson—the Rubric is very elastic, but never surely had it before admitted between its lines so unspiritual a sponsor as John, Lord Dirleton—"my Jack" was a prime favourite.

Moreover, some fashionable fibber had once remarked that the portrait (by young Shee) of his lordship, when a youth of eighteen, was the "image" of the present Captain Heyton, and that trifling circumstance had wonderfully assisted to

increase the egotistic old fellow's affection for his eldest nephew. Jack, unlike a certain cousin of his, was not always on the look-out for spoil, and never asked for his debts to be paid until the matter became pressing; didn't meddle with politics, and was not a dandy; indeed, he would have gone on active service, had not his uncle kept him at home for his own pleasure, a circumstance that gave the lad a greater claim than all else to regard himself as his heir. It would have been insufferable to most young men of any spirit to live under the same roof with Lord Dirleton, in a position of dependence upon him; but it was not so with Jack, who really liked his uncle, and would as soon have thought of playing the sycophant as the piano. Bashaw as he was to most folks, Lord Dirleton thoroughly understood that Jack's own liberties were never to be encroached upon, nor Jack himself dictated to; and that, sooner than submit to the least insult, the young fellow would have packed up his half-dozen portmantaus of fashionable garments, and left the Hall at once, to face the world on his own trampy five hundred a year. And what would his lordship have done then? Who would have understood his humours, and attended to his wants, as Jack had done? Who would have "managed" him when he had the gout, so as to keep his temper within reasonable bounds, and prevent the servants from leaving the house en masse? Who would have superintended his stud, and had the pedigree of every horse at his finger ends, as well as the names of the winners of all the Derbys, which formed the calendar of his own past? "Let me see, when was it I first sat for Loamshire, Jack?" or "Ran away with that Italian woman?" or "Went out

with Sir Harcourt Leslie?" To each of which queries Jack would answer without error, as he quietly cracked his walnuts, "Blisbury's year," or "Archimedes's year," or "The Dead Heat year, between Antimony and Perspiration," just as it happened. Who but Jack would have left the billiard-room that winter's night, in his pumps and silk stockings, and gone into the Home Wood after those infernal poachers, and netted the whole lot of them? Well, certainly not Dick, who, what with his lisp, and his flute, and his French phrases, might as well have been his niece as his nephew.

And if Jack was not without a sense of the "necessity" that he had made himself—not with calculating design, however—to the old man, he also acknowledged in his uncle, not, indeed, a patron, but a most generous and kindly benefactor. He was not afraid of Lord Dirleton—he was afraid of no man—but he had carefully avoided all occasions of quarrel with him, and now that a disagreement was impending between them—and one likely to be most serious and lasting—his pity for himself was not unmingled with pity for his antagonist. "The old fellow has always behaved to me like a trump," was his present reflection, as he took his way slowly towards the Hall, after his parting with Evy, "and whatever he says, I will try to keep my temper, and look at the matter from his own point of view." He meant, of course, short of yielding the main point, of which, as we have said, he was, by birth, incapable. Even his cousin Dick, by comparison a most prudent and calculating character, never gave up a fancy, no matter what the pecuniary advantage of so doing.

Unfortunately Lord Dirleton himself was a Heyton also.

Never had the park, with its herds and flocks, seemed so well worth possessing as now, when the captain trod it, as its heir-presumptive, perhaps for the last time; never had the grand old Hall seemed an inheritance so fair as now, when he was approaching it, as its future master, perhaps for the last time. To ordinary visitors on foot, the porter, a solemn being, resplendent in scarlet and gold, opened the postern door let into one side of the huge gateway; to persons of higher quality, and to junior members of the house of Heyton, one wing of the gate was flung back at their approach; for his lordship and the captain alone was reserved the honour of having the great gate thrown open.

In the first case the resplendent creature,

rapt in contemplative calm, took no notice of the incomer, whom he ushered into the court-yard, there to be received by an inferior member of the household; in the second he stood bolt upright, like a soldier at "attention;" in the third case he removed his gold-bound and cockaded hat, and bowed to the extreme limit that obesity permitted. "Will old Benson ever bow like that again to me?" thought Jack, grimly, as he acknowledged this retainer's profound salutation. For the entail stopped with the present lord, who had, as has been said, the power of leaving house, and land, and gold, everything, in fact, but his bare title, to whomsoever he pleased. Jack's mind pursued the same thread of thought—not a very high one perhaps, but a natural one enough under the circumstances—as he mounted the great stairs, up which he had so often assisted his uncle's crippled feet, and passed along the gallery, from whose walls his ancestors seemed to regard him with doubtful looks. "This is not the young man who is to succeed us, then, after all," whispered they to one another.

In his own apartments, where he proceeded to dress for dinner, there were many things to suggest a continuance of the same theme. The sitting-room had been fitted up by his uncle as a "surprise" to him, on some occasion of his own absence, in a manner that had been judged suitable to the young man's taste; the furniture was of oak, carved in imitation of various incidents of the chase, and on the walls, in frames similarly carved, were engravings of the most famous pictures in connexion with that subject. His dressing-table, again, was weighted with the most splendid articles of the toilet in gold or silver, all gifts from that loving kinsman, whose affection he was now about to try to the uttermost, and, in all probability, beyond what it could bear. But though a sigh would now and then escape Jack on his own account, his chief regret was still, as before, for him who had loaded him with so many tokens of his love, and in whose eyes the return he was about to make for them must needs seem heartless and ungrateful.

"If I am kicked out of this," mused the captain, not in self-conceit, but with the air of one who states a fact to be regretted, "the poor old fellow will find himself very lonely, I am afraid." And then the gong sounded for dinner.

His unwonted pedestrian expedition to the village, and the excitement of his in-

interview with Mr. Hulet, had already brought his lordship's leg to the foot-rest, which Jack did not fail to remark upon with becoming solicitude, and not only on his relative's account, but on his own, for he well knew that the circumstance would not be in his favour in the coming struggle.

"Yes," replied his uncle, peevishly, "I've been most infernally worried to-day, and worry always flies to my toe."

This was the fact, and his lordship was apt to insist upon it, as a reason why he should never be thwarted, just as Mr. Hulet, equally autocratic though on a smaller scale, objected to contradiction on the ground that "it made his heart go." Jack dared not ask what had worried his noble relative, lest he should blurt out something before the servants, but merely expressed his regret; and the dinner proceeded in total silence, except that his lordship "broke out" occasionally (wholly without occasion) at the cook; and that also was a bad sign.

No sooner were they left alone together, however—the claret with Jack, and the whisky, medicinally prescribed, beside his uncle—than the latter drew a letter from his waistcoat-pocket, and tossed it over to his companion, with a "Read that, sir."

Jack obeyed him, and then, with a quiet face, returned it.

"Well, what have you to say to it, sir?"

"Nothing more, uncle, than what is usually said of anonymous communications. It is a very blackguard trick, if such a phrase can be used in the case of a female, for I am afraid the handwriting reveals the sex."

"Yes, it's a woman of course," answered his lordship. "'A true friend to the social proprieties ventures to ask Lord Dirleton whether he is aware that his nephew, Captain Heyton is on the verge of being entangled into a matrimonial engagement by the niece of Mr. Angelo Hulet, a Miss Carthew.' No man could have written like that. But that is not the point, sir. What I wish to inquire is, is it true?"

"So far as the being 'entangled in a matrimonial engagement' is concerned, uncle," replied the young man, slowly, "it is a lie. Otherwise the statement is correct enough."

"I don't quite understand you, Jack," answered his lordship, brightening up. "I am not very strait-laced, as you

know; but I do hope that you have not been so imprudent—in the village here, close under my very nose—to form any connexion that—"

"My lord, I must beg you not to finish that sentence," interrupted Jack, with a sudden flush on his face. "Miss Carthew is a lady born and bred, in all respects my equal—in most my superior. My denial referred only to the word 'entangled'; she is utterly incapable of such conduct as that infamous letter would attribute to her."

"Very likely; but you don't mean to tell me that you have engaged yourself to this girl?"

"Well, if you ask me, uncle, I must needs reply, yes."

"You must, must you?" roared the old man, making as though he would strike the table with his fist, and remembering his gout only just in time to avert the most frightful consequences; "then, by the Lord Harry, you need not trouble to call me 'uncle' any more."

"Very good, my lord."

Here the young man concluded his task of peeling some half-dozen walnuts, and placed them on his companion's plate, as he had been wont to do at dessert-time, in the walnut season, for many a year. In the spring he peeled oranges for him.

"I don't want your walnuts," said his lordship, peevishly, yet evidently touched by the accustomed action nevertheless. "I want you to show a little common-sense, and to remember your position."

"I do not forget it, my lord," returned Jack, modestly. "It has been a very comfortable one, thanks to you, for many years."

"Well, then, why not keep it, sir? Why quarrel with your bread and butter—nay, your bread, for you have almost nothing of your own—for the sake of a pretty face? You know I can leave my money just as I please. All that you inherit, independent of my favour, is a barren title; and can there be anything more wretched than the position of a pauper peer? You will, of course, have a lot of brats, and be unable to maintain them; for what government will give its loaves and fishes in return for a mere vote without influence? But there, I am talking to one who doubtless never troubles himself to look so far ahead. Let me speak, then, of the present. Would you like to be dependent on the bounty of such a father-in-law as Mr. Angelo Hulet; for that, as he informed me with his own

lips, is the fate that is in store for you. Have you ever seen that man, sir? Heard him talk?"

"I have met him on one or two occasions," replied Jack; "he is not a man to my taste, of course, but he is a gentleman; and——"

"A gentleman, begad!" broke in the old lord; "the devil he is! Then I don't know what a gentleman means. Are you aware, to begin with, that he is descended—and boasts of it, sir, boasts of it—from that cut-throat villain, Hulet, who beheaded Charles the First? He's got a picture of him in his parlour, to which he pays as much adoration as any Papist to an altar-piece. Do you suppose I would ever give my permission to cross the Heyton stock with that of a Regicide? No, sir, upon my honour I never will; so there. And I tell you what—you shan't have the title neither; and I'll let the girl know this, since that's what she's after, I suspect; for if you marry her, I'll marry too, begad I will, and beget heirs, like my fathers before me; so there."

In spite of the evil turn affairs were taking, Jack could not repress a smile at this characteristic menace.

"Of course, my lord," replied he, quietly, "you will act as you think proper. The young lady in question is not, however, let me remind you, a Hulet; but the daughter of an officer of distinguished merit."

"Um! ha! they're always that," soliloquised Lord Dirleton; "the only child of a hard-working clergyman, who succumbed beneath his own parochial labours, or else of an officer of high rank, who perished upon the blood-stained field. Who ever knew a mésalliance without them? However," added he, "she comes of the Hulet blood on one side; and that is quite enough for me. These are revolutionary times, sir. I should not be surprised—what's bred in the bone, you know, is sure to come out in the flesh—if some offspring of this projected union should become headman to the future Cromwell. Oh, Jack, Jack!" exclaimed the old lord, with a sudden descent from historical prediction to the lowly level of natural affection, "why should you be such an infernal fool? My word is passed, you know, upon this subject, and I can't draw back, even if I would——"

"And my word, my lord, is also given," interposed Jack, with dignity; "so with your leave we will let the matter drop. It is from no want of dutifulness, nor of

gratitude, believe me, that I am compelled to take a course which I feel must disserve my future from yours. You have been a father to me ever since I lost my own—more indulgent than most fathers, and as kind——"

"And as loving," put in the old lord, in trembling tones—"as loving as any father, you ungrateful dog."

"Indeed I do believe it, sir," confessed Jack, playing nervously with his claret glass, "and I am not ungrateful. What I would persuade you, if I could, is, that in giving up all you have to give me, I shall feel the loss of your love the most of all."

"Then why give it up, Jack?" pleaded the other; "or if you will be so infernally obstinate, at least there need be no hurry about giving it up. You are not going to marry this girl to-morrow, I suppose, nor yet the next day?"

Jack, with a certain comical air of chagrin, admitted that such was the fact.

"Very well, then," continued the old lord, "don't let us say another word about it at present; that is, after I have asked one favour of you, and you have granted it."

It touched Jack much to hear his uncle, who had been so long accustomed to lay down the law to everybody, thus appealing almost as a suppliant, and to him.

"Indeed," said he, "there is nothing, my lord, in which I will not oblige you, short of giving up what has become the dearest object of my life."

"Then promise me not to see this young lady for the next twelve months," said Lord Dirleton, grimly.

Jack had stepped into the pitfall. It was an ungenerous advantage for his uncle to have taken, and that the old man felt it to be so was evident from the apologetic tone in which he went on to speak.

"This will be a good touchstone of the sincerity of your affections, you see, Jack; if you are really so bewitched as to be past cure, absence will only make you the more foolish—I mean, more fond; whereas, if your attachment is but a passing fancy, as I most sincerely trust it may prove to be, you will forget all about the girl during the interval. Come, you can't be worse for waiting—though h'm—ha—he shall be no better, for I'm fixed as the poles about the main point—and you did say you would accede to my request."

"Nay, my lord," said Jack, who felt much aggrieved by this sharp practice, "I spoke with the tacit understanding that



you would ask something in reason. Now, if you made it six months——"

"Pooch, pooch. Six months is nothing; I've loved a girl myself for as long as that. Let us say nine. H'm—ha—begad, if it ain't like a Dutch auction. Come, say nine."

"It must be six months, my lord," said Jack, speaking with great gravity, yet scarcely able to repress a smile at the reflection that he was hoisting his adversary with his own petard; for was he not already banished from the beloved object for the time in question?

"Well, well, let us say six, Jack—h'm, in six months this young fool will have come to his senses—only mind this, the separation between you must be complete. You must not even write to one another; I'll have no sending kisses in sealing-wax."

"That is a very hard stipulation," pleaded Jack. He was by nature the reverse of hypocritical; and if his uncle had not laid that trap for him, he would have at once confessed that Mr. Hulet had already made this very proviso: but now he had no scruples.

"Come, come; no meetings and no correspondence for six months, sir," insisted his lordship, impatiently. "Promise me that!"

"Very good, my lord," said Jack, submissively. "I will send but one note to Miss Carthew to tell her how the matter stands, and then will neither see nor write to her again for the next half-year."

"Good lad, good lad," answered the old man, approvingly; "and look here, Jack, you need not trouble yourself during that interval to call me 'my lord' any more. And—um—he—this folly of his will never last so long; three months was the extreme limit with me, though I did tell him six. Yes, and now I'll eat your walnuts."

#### CHAPTER VI. BALCOMBE.

THERE is no country in the world, prone as our fellow-countrymen are to travel abroad in pretended search of the picturesque, of such various beauty as old England. Almost every one of its inland counties has its characteristic charm; while its sea-coast is absolutely inexhaustible for variety of form and colour. As to Dunwich, I positively assert that there is nothing to compare with it for rich repose and home-like splendour in the four quarters of the globe, and yet Dunwich is not, I am glad to say, "a show place" by any means.

Now Balcombe is a show place. All who can read the announcements of the railway companies upon the walls, with respect to family excursion tickets, have read of it, and everybody who is anybody (that is, about one thousandth part of our total population) has visited it. Especially everybody with nerves. Balcombe is situated on a beautiful bay on the south coast, where the trees start from the very edge of the shore, on quite an Alpine expedition. They climb seven hills, among which, in dells, and clefts, or on commanding "spurs," the town is set, and from this circumstance it is sometimes called the British Babylon. It has no other affinity, however, with the Scarlet Woman, who, indeed, is held in general abomination at Balcombe, the migratory population of which—and that is the only population worth talking about—is, as in most seaside places of fashionable resort in England, eminently evangelical. Nor is the morality of Balcombe, as a rule, inferior to its orthodoxy, though this may be in some measure accounted for by physical causes. Five-sixths of its visitors are confirmed invalids, and persons who go about with respirators in bath-chairs seldom indulge in loud language, and almost never frequent music-halls or casinos. If a "Hall by the Sea," such as there is at places patronised by the hale and vulgar, were to be set up at Balcombe, it would fail most miserably, though it would doubtless show its effects; the very idea of it, the issuing of its prospectus, would be fatal to many; the mere laying its lance in rest would probably empty half the bath-chairs. A shock of that kind would be too much for the poor folks with nerves. I have heard many persons thus afflicted positively find fault with the beauty of Balcombe because of its attracting "mobs of people" during the summer months, and when an excursion train is announced they all withdraw into their villas like rabbits in a warren, and keep themselves to themselves, till the invaders have worked their wicked wills and departed. Thus it was not for its beauty of situation, nor for its fashionable society, nor even for the far-famed table d'hôte to be found at its principal boarding-house, Lucullus Mansion, that Mr. Angelo Hulet visited Balcombe, but for its climate and "aspects," which last—to judge by its guide-book, edited by "a distinguished physician"—were (one or other of them) beneficial to every description of human malady.

On Number One hill you found a cer-

tain cure for dyspepsia; on Number Two the coats of the stomach were renovated as quickly as any old "swallow-tail" subjected to the tailor's iron; on Number Three you took your stand—or were enabled to take it after a day or two—and defied gout; on Number Four, though you might have arrived there speechless from bronchitis, in a few weeks you could communicate verbally with your friends on the pier below without the aid of a speaking-trumpet, and so on. But all the seven hills, and all their "aspects," were equally good for the nerves. To a hale and hearty stranger, indeed, arriving in this salubrious spot for the first time, the idea is apt to occur that it is raining. Between myself and the reader, I may remark that it does rain at Balcombe six days out of every seven, and is very near doing it on the seventh; but this the inhabitants deny. All the people with nerves, and all the people with gout, and all the people with indifferant coats to their stomachs—everybody, in fact, except the consumptive patients—come out in the rain without umbrellas, and protest that there is "nothing falling," not even the barometer. It is a very warm and gentle rain, no doubt, but it wets you very thoroughly unless you have a waterproof, and my suspicion is that these boastful cripples, like the gentleman who didn't mind fighting duels because he had a shirt made of chain armour, wear waterproofs under their clothes. And yet they are no perjurers, for just as an Irishman (when he is well away from it) paints his own country in all honesty as an agreeable dwelling-place, so they believe what they say. There is an esprit de corps among the Balcombe invalids, which compels them to swear through thick and thin by their adopted home, and to take the guide-book by the "distinguished physician" (a most dexterous manipulator of the statistics of rainfall) as gospel. Nay, the local enthusiasm seizes even upon their new recruits, and no sooner did Mr. Angelo Hulet find himself located at Lucullus Mansion than he pronounced himself "quite another man." He had evidently, however, no intention of dispensing with his former infallible remedies in the way of drugs and potions, for he had already set them out in his own apartment, in admirable disorder, and had taken a good pull at a tonic made of dandelions, and much recommended after travel. Thus refreshed, he sat down at the open window, and looked out on sky, and sea, and shore with a sentimental air; it was enjoined by the label on the

dandelion bottle that he should keep himself quiet after taking that subtle essence, but it was not on that account that he sat so still and thoughtful.

Mr. Angelo Hulet had visited Balcombe—not for its "aspects," nor its climate—nearly forty years ago, when he was young and vigorous, and never needed so much as a glass of sherry and bitters to give him "a tone;" when his head was covered with curling locks, that required no careful arrangement of the comb to hide his baldness; when his hand was steady with his gun among the stubble, and only trembled at the touch of beauty; when—

Ab, doleful When

That marked the change 'twixt now and then!

How aptly could he have gone on to quote:

This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly Then it flashed along!  
Nought cared this body for wind nor weather,  
When Youth and I lived in't together!

Mr. Angelo Hulet had never been given to poetry even in his youth, but something like the above was in his mind as he regarded the unchanging sea by which he had wandered nearly half a century before, not without a meet companion. The thoughts of forty years ago, indeed, are enough to make a poet of an attorney.

In the next room to his own sat Evy, looking on the same fair sights, but with far other thoughts. Her hand clasped Jack's last letter, the one in which he had bidden farewell to her for six months, but in hopeful words. The old lord had refused his consent, indeed, but on the whole had received the news of his engagement with more patience than he had anticipated. Time might do much for them; and meanwhile, though forbidden to speak or write, his dream by night, his thought by day, would be of his darling Evy. She tried to believe this, or at all events to believe that he would not forget her, or be false to her, but it was hard to do so, for she was a very sensible young woman. She well knew that, even among men, not three in a thousand were like her uncle, uninfluenced by the attractions of social position, and that among women the proportion was even less; that every young lady in Dunwich was setting her cap—or her chignon—at the captain; and that wherever he went the heir-presumptive of Lord Dirleton would be the object of matrimonial ambition. True, she had won his heart—a feat that in her modesty she thought astonishing; but was it not likely that some other, fairer, nobler, better, would

win it from her? Her uncle evidently thought so; deemed that this young man's love was but a passing fancy, or he would not have imposed this ordeal of separation; and Jack's uncle thought the same. She should always love him, of course; she would carry that little locket with his hair in it, that she was now covering with kisses, to the grave; but was it to be expected that he would be equally faithful? Kind-hearted Mrs. Mellish had hinted to her by delicate indirect allusion to the necessity of finding happiness in one's own home, that it was not to be expected, and Doctor Burne had told her so more plainly. The rector only had given her comfort.

For in their "good-byes" they had all spoken of the matter without reserve. "Jack has a sound heart, my dear," he had whispered in her ear, "and will never prove a snob." A snob, indeed! No, that was impossible; but without showing himself in that light it was very possible that he might repent of his hasty engagement, or be persuaded by his uncle to have a due regard to his own interests, which indeed she had herself besought him not to sacrifice on her account. She was not sorry to come away from Dunwich—a place she had once wished to live and die in, and which to her mind had still no equal. Its own surpassing beauty seemed indeed now doubled, tinged as it was with the hues of first love:

From end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath,  
There was no place that did not breathe  
Some gracious memory

of him. But it would have been terrible to remain there with him so near, and yet be forbidden to see him. She did not expect to find pleasure in Balcombe, but at all events it would be without the pain of fond regret. And how very, very beautiful it looked in that autumn evening! Lucullus Mansion was an edifice of considerable pretension, standing in its own grounds, with a stone terrace round three sides of it, and a lawn called "the garden," and which would really have been a garden, but that it was so steep that the flower beds, that ran down to the sea, from which it was separated only by a low wall, could not stick on to it, but were washed away by the unceasing drizzle. To the eastward lay the open ocean dotted with a large white sail or two, and with a whole fleet of little red ones, which were the fishing-boats bound for home. On the south was the harbour, a scene of lively movement and harmonious sound.

Evy's glance wandered listlessly from one fair object to another for some minutes, then she sighed and took out a little book on which her eyes riveted themselves with a very different expression. It was not a poem on which they were fixed, though they grew soft and tender; it was not a prayer, though there was something of devotion in them; it was a mere date and a few words extracted from a racing calendar:

"April 4th, Balcombe steeple-chases."

She was still gazing on this memorandum when there came a knock at the door, and a female voice was heard asking, in persuasive accents, permission to enter: "My dear young lady," it said, "may I—I'm Mrs. Hodlin Barmby—come in?" But though Evy answered "Yes," Mrs. Hodlin Barmby is much too important a personage to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

### SKIPPER'S BAND.

SKIPPER'S QUADRILLE BAND is widely known wherever the human leg moves to music. For that matter, we have such a reputation, that our strains are listened to with pleasure by the aged, the ignorant, or the neglected, whose limbs may not, for these various reasons, be responsive to our call. This is said in no spirit of boasting; for during the regular season, and that more irregular country season, which goes on all the year round, we are worked like navvies. Skipper's books attest this fact, as also the amazing and india-rubber-like character of Skipper's Band. Expand it or contract it, divide or multiply it; send it down to the race ball in its full strength of five-and-twenty; let it out to the Brixton villa, as a violin and piano, it is still Skipper's Band. Skipper and Walsington properly; but it was felt—Walsington handsomely concurring—that the business would suffer were the crispness of the older title, "Skipper's Band," interfered with. It may be mentioned in this place that I am not Skipper. Walsington is my name—leader, first or second violin, pianist, double bass, as occasion may require; for an organisation like Skipper's demands this ready adaptability, this being prepared at a second's warning to turn one's hand to anything. Balls, of course, can be provided for with reasonable certainty; but the "small and early dances," the little "hops," and "carpet" things, are as distracting as the half-dozen fires to which the

Brigade may be suddenly summoned. I have known a dozen single pianos ordered on one particular morning, for that particular evening; and I have equally known a whole three weeks go by, at the height of the season, without a single inquiry being made for the instrument. To keep, therefore, distinct specialists would be merely spelling bankruptcy and ruin, and the only way is to secure "general utility musicians," as they say at the theatres, who can turn their hand or fingers to everything. Extraordinary combinations used to be asked for—a clarionet and a violoncello, a flute and a violin, as it was believed, under a mistaken notion of economy. But the tariff was the same, except in the instance of our great cornet, and greater pianist, for whose services you had to put down your name regularly, and wait your turn, and even then pay double. The pair were really worth all of us put together, and could make as much noise.

The pianist is an Italian, with long black hair, which he keeps in a savage state, and very wild eyes. He is an amazing creature altogether; his name is Spongini, and his favourite idiosyncrasy, besides his undoubted musical one, is the wholesale avoidance of three things: soap, shaving, and such linen as usually edges off human apparel. The absence of shaving would not be an unusual thing, if he avoided it altogether; but he seems to dally with it, and suggests the idea of using a pair of scissors about every fourth day or so. But when he is at his instrument all these blemishes are forgotten. A galop of his performance, about two in the morning, is something demoniac. He plays with fury, and, as some one remarked, makes the keys yell. An elderly instrument under his hands, would find itself "rebuffed," as it were, into perpetual youth; its old ivories being banged and clattered into sound, much as an old horse can be flogged into a gallop. As he plays, his black eyes roll round the room with a ferocious scowl, as though he regarded the dancers as his born enemies, but was forced to work for them as their slave. His lean yellow fingers rise in the air with all kinds of antics. Between the dances he indulges in wild voluntaries, snatches of valse and other music made up into a weird-like concatenation, such as the late Paganini might have indulged in. Late in the night, or in the morning rather—when the bottle which the delighted hostess has injudiciously ordered to be placed between his feet, close to the pedal, begins to get

low, and the effects proportionately visible—his eyes grow wild, his fingers more furious, and his galops more headlong.

Sometimes, towards four in the morning, he *phys* standing up, in a reckless, jovial style, and muttering snatches of Italian. He is a remarkable performer, though the instrument on which he has performed such prodigies is often found next morning to be hoarse and feeble in sound, exhausted as it were by the savage belabouring it has endured the night before, with two or three of the notes absolutely "dumb," and the machinery turned "rickety" and wheezy.

Our cornet, too, is a player of mark; very tall, with dark moustaches, and makes a point of holding his instrument full towards the public, in a severe, challenging style. He is haughty, and plays as if he was paying a compliment. With the rest of us he rarely mixes, and is generally called "Stand-off Shuter." But his employers appreciate him, and there is no doubt about his ability. It is a treat to hear him die away altogether in pathetic agonies in a piece like the *Waltz of Love*, and get slower and slower, until he expires quite tenderly at the close; and he is really exciting when he sounds the alarm in the inspiring *Hunting Horn* galop, sending every one 'cross country like good uns. He, too, will occasionally stand up when it comes to between three and four o'clock in the morning, a time when the sobriety of discipline is relaxed, and at such times indulges in voluntaries and flourishes of the most wildly impromptu character. He, too, does not disdain the bottle and glass between his feet, to which, indeed, he has frequent recourse.

Music is certainly what may be called a graceful profession, and yet it reveals to us some of the dirty corners of human nature. How greedy, for instance, how supremely selfish, seem the gentlemen and ladies who dance all night! Stand-off Shuter may have played nobly during that last galop, and put all his wind and limb into the performance; yet, while he is recovering himself a little, he sees the glaring eyes of the promenaders bent on him, impatient for him to begin again. He is certain, says Stand-off Shuter, that if these rapacious terpsichoreans knew for a fact that the one more galop which they require would entail the planting of the seeds of consumption in him, Shuter, with the prospect of causing him to drop his instrument for evermore, they would unhesitatingly require him to strike up. I



could name instances of heartless brutality on the part of these people when they get "blooded," towards the small hours.

Ask any professional what he thinks of that inhuman, selfish, and unprofitable dance called the cotillion. For this there is a deep-seated feeling of abhorrence in the profession; indeed, it is pretty well understood if it took deeper root, and was more largely patronised, the relations of the performers to those for whom they performed would have to be altogether revised. When this wretched fandango sets in, about two in the morning, we know what is in store for us—a good two hours' spell, without an interval, of that miserable and almost idiotic tomfoolery, compared with which the antics of the dancing dervishes always seems to me highly rational. That gathering of stage properties—the wreaths, flags—above all, the ridiculous self-importance of the gentleman who "leads the cotillion," and gives more orders than a prime minister, is really the most imbecile exhibition. As we grind mechanically the same valse over and over again, for they tell us "anything will do," we do not take the trouble to look at the notes, but have opportunity to see our fellow-creatures reducing themselves to the lowest level of nursery intellect. Most delightful of all is the anxiety, the wise folly, or foolish wisdom, on the face of the leader of the game. When things are going right he is forecasting what is to come, consulting hurriedly with the hostess, who has been told that she must leave all to him, or let the thing go to wreck. There is a kind of serious concentration in his manner, which suggests some great captain, who is called in at a crisis, and who engages "to save the country," provided he gets *carte blanche*, and must be strictly obeyed. Some of these commanders lie in bed the next day, I am told, exhausted, not by the bodily labour, but by the mental strain. As the ladies and gentlemen are complimentary enough to think that we are about on a level with the china figures on the chimney-piece, they make most of their confidential remarks, their backs resting on our fiddles. Thus I have heard the "leader" telling his fair companion gravely what "anxiety" he had felt for the week past, as Algy Blueboy, who had given his word to support him, had gone off to the country, to stand by Mrs. Mantower at a similar crisis. He was going to throw it all up, only that Mrs. Blank, the hostess, had come to him in floods of tears, saying, poor woman! that she would be ruined

and undone if he didn't stand by her. This put him on his mettle; he had lain on a sofa all day, giving strict orders that no one was to be let in, had put his head to the work, and now every one might see it was going off splendidly. But the wear-and-tear of these things was awful! Sweet sympathy greeted these disclosures, as Captain Babyman unfolded his distresses. I protest to see him thinking a moment, then seizing on some one and leading him up, putting back some one else sternly, then hurriedly whispering, then rushing away to a bedroom, and emerging with a stick with ribbons, or some other nursery toy, carrying it as proudly as though it were a mace, or, above all, to note the sheepish helplessness, not unmixed with pride, of the others—this more than consoles us for our weary two hours' fiddling. These cotillion-wallahs never think of stopping; it is only when the thing wears itself out, and the jaded dowagers begin to groan as the daylight breaks in, that the thing begins to halt and droop. Otherwise Captain Babyman has more scarves and flags in the bedroom up-stairs not yet used, and is rather pettish at being interrupted. No; if this sort of thing became "deep-rooted," it would have to be a separate charge, or a street organ should be brought in to do the mechanical duty for the two hours.

But as certain conditions are requisite to see the Abbey of Melrose "aright," so, to see Skipper's Band under the most favourable auspices, it is necessary that you should attend us to the country or opulent suburban villa, when we "go down special." There we are in our full strength and glory. Then Skipper gets what he delights in, and what he is never weary of invoking, "a cart blench." When the owner of the opulent villa begins to question or make inquiries as to the conditions of the arrangement, Skipper, knowing his man, invariably quenches discussion in a lofty way by saying, "If you would leave it all to me, and only give me cart blench, I will take care that you needn't mind having the Prince of Wales himself here." This loyal allusion, and the cart blench, generally overcome all scruples.

At the luxurious villa the arrangements are usually in the *al fresco* style—lanterns "glinting" through the trees—(a young lady used this very expression, almost sitting on my fiddle)—and we are commonly at such entertainments disposed in a little ante-room off the drawing-room, the piano being drawn across the door, Spongini thundering away in the centre,

whilst we fiddle and tootle behind, forming a graceful and pyramidal arrangement, of which Skipper himself is apex. Skipper usually "leads" on these great occasions, violin in hand; but this is little more than a phrase of courtesy, for, curious to say, he is but an indifferent musician, and it is more his manner, and connexion with the wealthy aristocracy, that lends Skipper's Band its prestige. Skipper always furnishes the "engagement cards," programmes, &c., models of graceful treatment, decorated with coloured cupids attired to suit the tropics, and perfumed by the ubiquitous Rimmel, with more prominence given to the name of Skipper, and of Skipper's Band, than even to the cupids. They generally run somewhat in this way:

## PROGRAMME.

LOLLYPOP VILLA, JUNE 30.

1. Quadrille, "Mayonaise" . . . SKIPPER.
2. Valse, "Hamadryad" . . . SPOFF.
3. Polka Mazurka, "Swim-swum". SKIPPER.
4. Lancers, "Jeel-Mahmoud," composed for H.R.H. the Ranees Mokanna's garden party . . . SKIPPER.
5. Valse, "Lumps of Delight" . . . SPONGINI.  
&c. &c.

## SKIPPER'S BAND.

The music of the above may be had of Messrs. Dong and Minim.

Nor is this all. Before every dance there is hoisted on the piano a sort of cardboard banner of large size, on which is displayed the name of the dance, but in even more conspicuous letters, the collective title of the performers, thus:

## VALSE, "LANGUISHING EYES."

## SKIPPER'S BAND.

In this ingenious way the name of Skipper's Band becomes, as it were, indelibly imprinted on the dancer's mind; and when a helpless hostess consults her friends on the ball she is going to give (as only helpless hostesses do), they always say, "Oh, of course you will have Skipper!" The pure aristocracy would not tolerate this ingenious mode of making the music prominent; but Skipper looks chiefly for opulent clients, and plays always, as he says, "for City legs," the proprietors of which can best discharge his rather heavy bill:

	£	s.	d.
To attendance with Skipper's Band—twelve musicians . . .	25	10	0
Two hundred scented fancy programmes . . . . .	10	10	0
To hire of cabs . . . . .	1	1	0
To Mr. Skipper's personal attendance . . . . .	3	3	0
To one dozen enlarged card programmes . . . . .	0	10	0
	40	14	0

But what we relish far more than this is the professional visit down to the county race, or opening of town-hall ball, to which we usually repair five-and-twenty strong. This junketing is always agreeable, as there is no mean limiting of expense, and we are treated with a profuse liberality and generosity. It is something to see Skipper then, standing in the centre of the gallery, with the privates of his regiment behind him, leading away ferociously like Sir Michael Costa, making believe that he is accountable for those crescendoes, fortes, and piano, and that "light and shade," for which the local newspaper so praises "Skipper's Band." On these occasions we come out with "the brass," "side drums," and triangles, instruments of noise, which we dare not introduce into the metropolis, and which indeed would not be desired or paid for, there. At these great entertainments we see a good deal of human nature looking down from our gallery. Of course the dancing is kept up till six in the morning, but still we are prepared to use or to lose the whole night, so it makes little difference. How they do cut out the work, while we bray, and drum, and fiddle above the crowd below—an imposing sight—tumbling and rushing round with a noble ardour! As may be imagined, we play better when looking down on our dancers, and we, both of us, act and react on each other. After supper, when the hunting gentry have drank a good deal, it is like steeple-chasing, and Skipper, as he says (with a confusion of metaphor though), takes off the break and lets the musical mainsheet go with a run. Then we put spurs into our violins, and take the "Run-a-Muck" galop violently 'cross country. And then is the time, if you want to see us in our glory, to observe the performances of Skipper's Band.

## IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

## HUSH!

Quiet is queen in this enchanted close;  
The silent-footed shadows throng  
So thickly round my lady's rare red rose,  
One may not see its bright auroral flush;  
But there where, queenly tall and saintly strong,  
The ranged lilies lift their cups of snow,  
White as a seraph's brow;  
There sleeps the tranced moonlight; argent sheen,  
Soft-netted silver veiling slumbering green;  
Mystic, unspeakable, fairest of earth-lights,  
Reflex of what far glow on what clear heavenly heights!

## Soft!

Tread not too briskly through the crisped grass,  
Break not this tender nocturn harmony  
With one harsh chord. The white-plumed cloudlets  
pass  
Like soundless wings across a sleeping sky,

The bats wheel swift aloft—  
 Dusk-winged shadows, silent, bodiless;  
 The drowsing leaves above us scarcely quiver,  
 The tall grass plumelets shake not, and this tress  
 Of soft hair, tendril-light, lies still, unstirred  
 Across a snowy brow. Ah! list! the river  
 Low rippling through its reeds, is faintly heard  
 Beyond the shadowy line.  
 Where still, wave-dipping willows silently incline.

Cool!

Laden with fragrance of a thousand flowers,  
 The night-air, like a tranquil ocean, laves  
 This bosky garden-close, with silent waves,  
 That, stealing o'er the lily-cumbered pool,  
 Ruffle it not; the bowers  
 The blossom clustered bowers whose roses trail  
 Unnumbered, drowsing, mystically pale,  
 Send forth no murmurous sound, but through the dusk  
 Their unswayed censers breathe the delicious musk.

Sweet!

Is summer night not kin with all things pure,  
 And fine beyond sense-seeming, redolent  
 Of unimagined glory and content,  
 In worlds whose peace is amaranth-crowned and sure?

As yon white cloudlets fleet  
 Moon-silvered, silent, like home-winged doves,  
 The heavens soothe us with their tender calm  
 To fine tranquillity. This perfect balm,  
 The skyward breathing of all fields and flowers,  
 Comes like a benediction. Blameless loves  
 Fair friendships, pure aspirations, these accord  
 With the bland influences of such hours:

Ah! gentle love, what word  
 Of mine avails to interpret witcheries  
 So shy so subtly spirit-fine as these?  
 Only thy voice that silence self might woo,  
 Thy silver song attuned to all things sweet;  
 May lend a grace to quiet. Let it rise  
 On wings of music through the mystic blue

Of the moon-tranced skies,  
 List love! the night-bird echoes, flooding fleet  
 The shadows with soft waves of fluty song,  
 While the pale lilies listen, and along  
 The river marge the willows whisper low,  
 And, though the moon-mist veil their gladdened glow,  
 Song-rapt and passion-flushed the amorous roses throng.

### ARMED FOR WAR.

THOSE amiable enthusiasts who, in 1851, saw the red planet Mars set for ever behind a great glass palace in Hyde Park, and whose theory was that the gates of Janus were sealed by the opening of the first Exhibition, have perhaps been unduly laughed at of late years. They, their hopes, and their overbrimming confidence in a coming commercial millennium of peace and goodwill, have been impressed into pointing more than one military moral, and adorning more than one tale of strife. Yet it is so easy to be wise after the event, that we may well pardon the pacific sages of four lustres ago if they did not foresee the storms that would ruffle the quiet ocean of European politics, and recognise the unwelcome truth that war is always at our gates. How best to prepare for that grim guest is a question only to be answered after a minute and careful retrospect of

what has hitherto been done since nations first began to draw the sword.

Savages—the genuine, utter barbarians, who live by the chase and by such scanty crops as can be lightly raised by the unskilled labour of their women—are always, and at a moment's notice, prepared to take the field. Where there is no commissariat, no transport to organise, no elaborate plan of campaign to prepare, no reserves to call in, and where every able-bodied male is a warrior, whose weapons hang always within his reach, a few hours may witness the setting out of a formidable war party. But if the Camanches and Sioux of the prairies, the hillmen of India, or the wild Magals of Australia, find it easy to get the start of their white foes, it is none the less true that they go to certain defeat when confronted by a tenacious enemy. Once worsted, their ruin is inevitable. They have no reinforcements, no stores, no place wherein to rally and take breath for a renewal of the struggle. When the tiny stock of provisions which each man carries is exhausted, there are no magazines on which to draw for rations, and the band must hunt or starve. There are no medicines for the sick, no care for the wounded. A stolen march, an ambush, a surprise, make up all the simple strategy of savage warfare, while to retreat is to be routed. In every quarter of the world the feeblest forces of trained troops have proved an overmatch for swarms of untutored combatants.

Far different is the case with pastoral and nomadic, or semi-barbarous nations. The flocks and herds, that are their only wealth, give them an almost unfailing supply of food, while the wives and sisters of the fighting men, well used to the dressing of wounds and to the sight of blood, willingly put the resources of their rough surgery and kindly nursing at the disposal of the disabled champions. The only recent experiences of this method of making war are furnished by the Yemen revolt against the Sultan, and by the resistance of Turcoman tribes to the Russian advance in Central Asia. We know with what irresistible weight Goths and Wends, Huns and Sarmatians, Gepidæ and Franks, pressed upon the weakening frontiers of the Roman empire. But history teaches us this further lesson, that whenever the legionaries were led by a really competent general, skill and discipline prevailed over the brute force of an enemy whose base of operations was unavoidably laid open to attack, and whose cattle, waggons, and

families were never out of reach of an enterprising commander. Moreover, as is usually the case where the losses in battle are equally shared by the community, a single repulse attended by great slaughter is sufficient to disgust the herdsmen of the steppe with war. The check given, through the valour of the Teutonic knights, to the Tartar inroad under the grandson of Genghis, saved Europe, as the defeat of Attila at Chalons had previously done. The promptitude with which a people can rush to arms is no positive criterion of its willingness to protract a contest to the uttermost.

The pictorial records and the written chronicles of the past exhibit Assyria and Babylon and Egypt as placing their main dependence on a warlike aristocracy, of which the mode of fighting strongly resembled that of Homer's heroes before Troy. So long as Pharaoh could muster his long array of spear-throwing nobles and mounted archers, the "chariots and horsemen" so frequently mentioned in Scripture, supported by hired tribes from the desert, and in case of need by a levy of the servile population, his country could defy the desultory onslaught of his neighbours from beyond the wilderness. But no nation can permanently depend, as the example of Sparta and that of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain clearly illustrate, on the personal services of a patrician caste. At its best, indeed, although at the cost of much oppression and degradation of the humbler classes, such a system provides good soldiers. But the expense of maintaining such a force is ruinously great, while luxury enervates, and civil strife destroys, the flower of a fighting nobility. The rise of a fourth great power, soon to be mistress alike of Egypt and of Mesopotamia, was strangely impeded by the existence of a knot of little civic states, whose tiny territories consisted but of rocky peninsulas and hilly islets in the south-eastern corner of our continent. The multitudinous host which Xerxes led to the conquest of Europe was not, of course, in the true sense of the word, an army. But it comprised the warriors of many subject nations and barbarous tribes; it brought into the field many hundred thousand fighting men, to whom each other's speech and garb were unknown, and it was backed by the richest treasury west of the Chinese boundaries, then, as now, the golden sinews of war. More than this, the great king's body-guard, the famous and splendid Immortals,

represents the earliest body of regular troops recorded to have been kept on foot among the princes of the East.

Had the Greeks been less patriotic or less carefully drilled than they were, the history of South Europe might have been very different from what it has been; Sun-worshippers might have overrun the Mediterranean shores more effectually than was afterwards done by the armed missionaries of Mahomet, and Persic supremacy might have crushed in the germ the future glories of nascent Rome. As it was, a perfervid people, who were soldiers or sailors at will, whose early training in the gymnasium made every youth an athlete, while the science of strategy had its native home among them, presented an impenetrable barrier to Asiatic ambition. The Hellenes, dashing seamen as they were, and ready at any moment to take to the long oar and the brass-beaked galley, showed a wise discrimination in preferring their heavy-armed hoplites to the rest of their citizen militia. Their horsemen, composed of young men of the higher ranks, were no doubt creditable as light cavalry, but neither in numbers or efficiency a match for the Parthian riders in the pay of Cyrus or Darius. Their slingers and bowmen, fit to cover the flanks of a few hundred Thebans or Athenians in domestic Grecian broils, would have been crushed beneath the darts and stones of the countless auxiliaries of the great king. But their infantry was matchless, and Persian monarchs were willing to bid high for the hire of a machine so potent and so well regulated. The retreat from the heart of Persia of Xenophon and his comrades remains one of the most instructive chapters of military history, and shows how ten thousand mercenary Greek soldiers, far from home, could make their way through the midst of jealous and predatory clans as a gallant ship cuts her course through a waste of waters. The Greeks alone understood that war was an art to be studied; they alone could set guards, form a camp, reconnoitre the road, and reduce the operations of their advance to an almost mathematical precision, while other nations were governed by blind impulse, and attacked in hasty fury, to retire in disgraceful panic.

Yet, however admirable was a phalanx of Greek spearmen calmly confronting the assault of a superior force of lofty-turbaned Medes, the ample civic records which remain to us show that it was no light task to call out an army of Hellenes.



Each expedition was attended with much expense, and there was much hesitation, usually, before belligerent counsels could prevail. This was an inevitable consequence of a comparatively high standard of civilisation. The Greeks were moderately rich, thrifty by instinct, sensitive to danger as well as to the call of honour, or the sense of greed, and they had few idlers among them. It was a distinctly painful effort by which the nobly-born burgher of Athens tore himself away from his counting-house, his wheat-ships, the lawsuit pending before the Dicasts, the pleasant evenings whiled away by sweet music and witty conversation, the gossip of the Forum, the philosophy of the Portico. The sturdy citizens of the next grade, ready enough for a mere semi-piratical cruise among the tributary islets, were not always prompt to buckle on the ringed mail, and to don the nodding helmet, while the poorest freemen of the Demos must often, as they marched out beneath the olive-trees of Attica, have grumblingly contrasted their own hard lot with that of the pampered slaves with no country to fight for, whereas Laodices and Sosthenes must start for battle and bivouac, and precisely, too, when the long-promised tragedy of that clever playwright, Euripides, was about to be brought on, with unprecedented attention to scenic effect (and with mimes, singers, and buffoons to follow), at the theatre. Alexander's campaigns remained unique of their kind, until Napoleon, in a lesser degree, emulated the policy of the Macedonian victor. The discovery that a vanquished enemy might make a valuable recruit, was one which has proved useful alike in Europe and in India, but the first application of it was due to the martial son of Philip. There was the phalanx, proof against any tumultuous onset of a disorderly foe, and cleaving its resistless way, wedge-like, through hostile masses. There was the careful guard-mounting, the practised adroitness in taking advantage of every inequality of ground, the vigilance, the alertness in profiting by the blunders of an enemy, all the tactics and all the strategy of Greece, yet those were not Greeks whose blood and toil bought triumph after triumph. Some chosen corps, such as the Silver Spears, might still consist of the natives of North or South Greece, but the bulk of the common soldiers were of Oriental birth, trained by Hellenic sergeants, and led by Macedonian captains. The heirs of Alexander's divided

empire found themselves somewhat in the position of an Indian viceroy, who should be by some extraordinary casualty cut off from succour or instructions from the home authorities. For a good while, no doubt, the machinery would work well, and so it was with the Antiochi of Syria, and the Ptolemies of Egypt. It was not until the degeneracy of the dominant race had become an established fact, that the docile populations, over which they bore sway, bent their necks to a new yoke.

The Romans, from the first a military people, in the sense that discipline, order, and forethought were congenial to them, rather than merely a warlike one, such as the Gauls, their restless neighbours beyond the Umbrian Apennines, had the great advantage of profiting alike by the lessons and the errors of their Greek teachers. It was perhaps well for the Quirites that they first came into collision, not with a compact force of soldier-citizens from the free republics of Hellas, not with brilliant Athenians or haughty Spartans, but with the superb host of Pyrrhus, encumbered by its lengthy baggage-train, and ostentatiously provided with engines of war. When once the Roman foot-soldier had got over his first alarm at the sight of the turret-bearing elephants with their guard of Eastern bowmen, of the catapults hurling heavy stones, and of the balista discharging ponderous darts, he found himself situated towards the invaders much as the heroes of Marathon towards the glittering crowd of the Persians. The elephants, after all, were but beasts that, when mad with pain and terror, were as likely to trample down friends as foes. The spoils of the rich camp tempted the avarice of the frugal yeomen of the Alban uplands. They were not long in learning that the legion was more than a match for the antique phalanx, and themselves, man for man, at least the equals of the veteran Epirotes of the king's trusted body-guard.

Roman armies were, from the first, remarkable for the promptitude with which they took the field. The hardy husbandmen, who composed the rank and file, were as ready to repel invasion, or to gather for a raid into Samnite territory, as were the bellicose patricians by whom they were officered. And when soldiery grew more and more into a profession, and Rome was rich with the plunder of centuries of buccaneering, so perfect was the organisation, that the ill-wishers of the Republic stood aghast at the rapidity with

which Roman camps bristled among the hill-tops, and Roman columns moved along the arrow-straight high roads that led from the Eternal City towards every point of the compass. To the last, even when most of the patient legionaries, laden like beasts of burden, as skilful with the spade as with the spear, and trained to a life of labour and endurance, were of foreign birth and blood, the mere word of Rome appeared sufficient to evoke armies from the earth, and to beat back, again and again, the often renewed incursions of the barbarian. Where all so well knew their duty, where war was as a game of chess, the moves of which had been studied in theory and in practice, a cohort, a legion, an army, was instantly ready to do all that could be required of it, and it was not until the heart of the empire was hopelessly corrupt that the members failed to do their duty.

The feudal system, at its highest pitch of perfection, failed deplorably as a preparation for war. Ostensibly, indeed, it rendered the commencement of hostilities possible within a very few days. Where all lands were held by military tenure, each great vavasour and his vassals and subtenants could instantly be summoned to the royal standard. The whole lay property of Europe belonged either to the king, or was leased in fief among a martial aristocracy, whose pride and amusement was the daily exercise of arms, who broke lances on each others' shields by way of festive pastime, and who knew of no pleasures save the joust and the chase. The network of feudal dependence was so contrived as to draw into its meshes the whole freeborn population; burghers beneath the banners of their guild, yeomen under the knight's pennon, and the chivalry of a province around the guidon of some great vassal of the crown. But forty days of unpaid service were not sufficient to effect anything beyond a transitory success, and to this may probably be attributed the fact that the balance of power oscillated with such apparent caprice during the Middle Ages. There was barely time for a march, for fighting a battle, for laying waste a tract of country, for beginning a siege which had commonly to be abandoned, when the tide of armed men ebbed again homewards, and the short six weeks' campaign was over.

It is not very wonderful that ambitious and able monarchs should have chafed at the imperfections of a system which was really defensive, and which left a victor

without the means of profiting by his success. By bribery and browbeating, by cajolery, entreaties, threat, and promise, a king could sometimes prevail on part of his baronage to remain with him, and to keep such of their dependents as could be induced to go on fighting. But the uncertain services of these volunteers made the rulers of all rich countries prefer the mercenary troops, such as the Brabançons of Richard the First, or the free companies of a later date, who would sell their swords and their blood for regular pay. The first of these hirelings, as their name implies, came from the Low Countries, and to Flemish and Gascon men-at-arms were presently added adventurers from England, from Genoa, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons. All of these, it may be observed, were freemen, at a time when predial slavery was so usual that personal freedom was almost a badge of nobility, and all served for a rate of pay that was relatively high, and which gave the advantage to the heaviest purse.

The system of hiring foreigners to defend a country reached its climax in Italy. Every petty prince, every sovereign count, every marquis holding under the emperor, had his mercenaries. The free republics made a bargain with some well-known captain of Condottieri to do their fighting for them for a certain annual sum. The professional soldiers thus enlisted had no desire to kill or be killed, and grew to look on bloodshed as an unfortunate accident which now and then attended an encounter of two bodies of heavy-armed cavalry. It was not until the French and their Swiss auxiliaries were confronted by the Spaniards and German spearmen, who disputed with them the spoils of Italy, that Cisalpine warfare became a gory reality. Even after the decay of feudalism, compulsory military service, in Teutonic countries, at any rate, remained the rule, but only for the defence of the realm. In England, for instance, that "king's press," which Sir John Falstaff so abused for his private profit, was a mere muster of militia against rebels or foreign raiders. The disorderly rabble that the queen's proclamation called into the field when the Spanish Armada coasted our shores, was a sample of the militia of the period, and was divided, on paper at least, into two armies of great numerical strength. Lord Macaulay's speculations as to the probable result of a contest between this unwieldy mob, without discipline, provisions, or officers, and the

trained veterans under the skilful guidance of Parma, are moderate enough, and we can hardly wonder that no prince of the sixteenth and seventeenth century was fond of relying on a force which the necessities of the age had outgrown.

The palmy days of professional soldiering may be said, roughly speaking, to have been contemporaneous with the reigns of Tudor and Stuart. For then, abroad and at home, the fighting man was regarded as a skilled artisan, whose value in the labour market ruled high. Cromwell's splendid army was maintained on the same footing, as to pay, which James the First had fixed for the remuneration of his small force engaged in the reconquest of Ulster. At a time when the daily wages of a cloth-weaver, or of a ploughman, seldom exceeded sixpence, it is evident that the soldier's eightpence, with the contingent advantages incidental to military arrangements, raised its recipient to a higher level of comfort than the average. Louvois, the thriftily-disposed minister of sordid, splendid Louis the Fourteenth, first established the custom of relying on armies that were, indeed, of great numerical strength, but systematically ill-paid and ill-fed. Hogarth's grim caricature, in which the starveling French sentinel guards the gates of Calais, was not such a very great exaggeration of the truth. How such a force, to be employed amid Canadian frosts, on the sultry plains of India, or on the steaming banks of the Mississippi, as well as in Flanders and the Palatinate, was ever raised by voluntary enlistment, is a marvel to the tyro in history. But the key to the seeming puzzle is to be found in the bitter poverty which afflicted many of the provinces of France, in the local influence of the vain and warlike aristocracy, and in the connivance of the authorities with the scandalous proceedings of the *Racoleurs*, or recruiting agents, licensed kidnappers, compared with whom our Sergeant Kite and Ensign Plume were mild and conscientious purveyors of human flesh. Better paid and better treated than the unlucky subjects of the magnificent monarch and his successors, were the Swiss and German mercenaries, who, with the privileged regiments of the king's household, were the élite of the service.

The eighteenth century was stained by one great blot, from which its precursors had been nearly, or wholly, pure, that of systematised man-selling for military purposes. English and Dutch crimps in sea-

port towns were ever on the watch to ensnare the raw material of soldiers to serve the rival East India Companies. In France, ruffianly contractors made regular bargains for handing over a specified number of hounded or terrified young rustics to the rich marquis, who had bought from the king, or his reigning favourite, the colonelcy of a new corps. But Germany, split up into a multitude of petty principalities, offered the most pitiable spectacle of all, for there every little despot, bishop, duke, or sovereign count, suddenly discovered that in the blood of his people he possessed a gold mine that would conveniently provide the means of that lavish expenditure of which Versailles had set the example. Press-gangs were continually at work in dragging away the husbandman from his plough, the shepherd lad from his sheep, to wear blue or white uniforms, according to the colours of the customer, and to bleed and die for the King of France, for the King of Prussia, or for the Elector of Hanover, like those Hessians whom George the Third bought to repress the revolt of the American colonists.

It would be ludicrous, were it not that the wretched circumstances of the actors in the gory drama demand compassion, to trace the fortunes of some of the involuntary warriors who were bartered by their native rulers for foreign gold. Often a whole regiment would be taken prisoners, and would change sides without a murmur, and do battle under the enemy's flag with the meek submissiveness of armed slaves who have found a new master. Individual captives were usually cajoled or bullied into taking service with the victors. Such troops had no heart in their work, and when not under the watchful eye of a strict officer, were more prone to run than to fight. But Frederick the Great and his eccentric father had found out that drill and discipline could work wonders with indifferent materials, and that a man might be a valuable fighting machine long after his spirit had been crushed and snubbed out of him. It is not pleasant to read the details of a régime of cane and pipe-clay, of dungeons, executions, cold, shame, hunger, all coolly calculated to tame turbulent humanity into automatic obedience, and each item of human suffering and degradation reckoned with the scientific complacency of the mathematician. A young man of tolerable constitution, whether Frenchman or German, whether English, Polish, Swedish, mattered little,

was worth a certain sum in the military market, precisely as a Guinea negro was worth a certain sum in the labour market. It was cheaper to buy him from somebody else than from himself, therefore prince, crimp, and kidnapper were dealt with in preference to the intended soldier, and when once he was caught, the drill-sergeant, the prison-keeper, and the captain with a sword in his right hand and a cane in his left, could be trusted to screw out of him the money's worth of available service. Men of various nationalities, stocked, scourged, and sharply looked after by vigilant warders, fought the battles of the Great Frederick just as the galley-slaves rowed the vessels of the Great Louis, and under the same stimulus of consistent terror, oarsman and grenadier fulfilled their allotted task. It was not until after the iron had entered into the souls of the vanquished of Jena that a national Prussian army—sprung from the land of Körnhorst, Schill, and Blücher, rather than from that of the royal philosopher of Potsdam—thrice found the road to Paris.

The French, however, are correct in their boast that national armies, as distinguished from professional ones, first sprang from their soil, although certainly not as spontaneous productions. The French youth, though not, save in mountainous districts, such as the Lower Pyrenees, apt to go to such extremes as desertion, manifests much passive reluctance to pay the "tax of blood." Under the Directory it was necessary to tie the conscripts, neck and heels, and fling them into a cart like so many calves, to bring them safely to head-quarters. But just as pressed men in the British navy were the briskest at their guns, so did the lads whom the fury of the revolutionary wars dragged from home fight with much dash, if with no great steadiness. There is no doubt but that the old soldiers raised under the Monarchy cleared the way for the raw levies of Fleurus and Marengo, but their number was soon thinned, and it was not until the families of France were drained of sons that the tide of conquest rolled backwards from the Kremlin to the Parisian boulevards.

From the French other nations have readily caught up the idea of compulsory military service, and for more than half a century guards have been mounted, and battles fought, by millions of armed men who were forced into fighting or preparing to fight. England has remained the soli-

tary country on this side of the protecting Atlantic that has thought fit to intrust her safety to a small but costly army, raised by voluntary enlistment, and aided by a fine fleet, manned on the same principle. These safeguards, as we know, she has supplemented by the assistance of a large force of volunteers, a percentage of whom are undoubtedly the finest marksmen in the world, while some are fairly trained, though necessarily unpractised, infantry. On the other hand the military systems of all continental nations are in a state of anxious and expensive transition, and armed nations, in place of national armies, are fast being prepared to confront one another, armed for war.

## YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOBSON'S CHOICE," &c.

### CHAPTER XL. MY TREACHERY.

"YOU'VE a certain look of Sir George, I think, 'a trick of Cœur de Lion's face.' But 'tis not much. Some token of the Nightingales, it may be. I could not swear to it, however. There are things that run in families; line of brow, and glance of eye; mould of nose, and cut of lip. We get these from our forefathers, whatever their worth. Oftentimes it's all they have to hand down to us. An heirloom in the form of a snub-nose is no such prize; no, nor a long-descended gout or hereditary rheumatism. You haven't Sir George's smile, however. Well, we can dispense with that. There are some smiles that set one's teeth on edge, and worse. 'Why I can smile and murder while I smile,' says Richard. And you haven't Sir George's inches. No, Master Duke, he's the handsomer and finer man. 'An older soldier, not a better. Did I say better?' He's a noble figure; I own that. He would have succeeded on the boards; he's to the manner born. What a Joseph Surface he'd have made! I shouldn't mind playing Charles to his Joseph, even now. But for lovers! No, he could not touch me there; nor in parts of passion or tenderness. But in Iago he'd be my match I think; and Iachimo, there's a wily Italian look in his face, perfect of its kind; and in Shylock he might run me hard. But this is idle. He's Sir George the Great, and I'm his humble assistant, with my voice departed and no head of hair. One thing, he's even balder than I am. There's comfort in that. He'd have to find himself in wigs not less than



I should. It's a stage convention that heroes should be thickly thatched. Why not a hairless Hamlet, or-a Romeo with a bare poll? The audience would grin and guy; yet why not those gentlemen as bald as others? I grow weak on this topic, and envious; and an inclination towards scalping comes over me. Your hair is very thick, my young friend. Cherish it, but not with vanity. It will perish and fall as the leaves do, as mine did. 'Oh! Hamlet, what a falling off was there!'"

I parted with my old friend newly found on most cordial terms. I gave him my address, and promised to see him again very shortly. Altogether I was much gratified with the results of my visit to Harley-street.

Sir George perplexed me somewhat. I admired and liked him, but a measure of doubt mingled with these sentiments. Certainly he had been kind to me, and very courteous. Yet I felt that there was the coldness and the polish as of marble about his manner. He was unlike, in every respect, any one I had ever seen before. He seemed to possess a magnet's power, both of attraction and repulsion. Even Mole, the while he permitted himself great liberty of speech concerning him, yet clearly was impressed with some awe of his employer. He had conveyed this only vaguely, seeming to be unwilling to descant upon it definitely, preferring to dwell upon Sir George's method of conducting his profession. Yet, after allowing for a certain exaggeration to which he was prone, the result of his theatrical career, much significance had pertained to his looks and gestures, and to the curious changes of his husky voice. He feared Sir George. "A great man, and a strange one too;" so Mole had described him.

Yes, he was strange, undoubtedly. He seemed to belong almost to a different order of creation, to stand widely apart from us on the strength of some natural law. If we were flesh and blood, then he was otherwise constituted. But it was no fault of his probably, if we failed to understand him, and therefore took up a position far removed from his. After all, who were we that we should presume to judge him? Mole was—Mole or Mauleverer—a hapless stroller, to whom it was promotion to work as a journeyman in the portrait-painter's studio. And I was—young Mr. Nightingale, from the Down Farm, an articulated clerk, an insignificant boy, albeit I knew a little of art, and had written a five-act tragedy in blank verse.

In truth, what fault had I to find with Sir George? I had claimed kindred with him, and forthwith my claim had been allowed. He had not hesitated for a moment. That delay had occurred in the matter was solely my own fault. He had acknowledged me as his relative, had welcomed my visit, had begged me to repeat it, had offered to serve and assist me in any way that was possible. Had I gone to him sooner so much the sooner would his kindness have been displayed to me. Of what, then, had I to complain?

That he had long lived apart from his relatives at Purrrington, inasmuch that they, I felt assured, knew very little of him, his fame, his prosperity, his high station, could scarcely be charged against him as a fault. His occupied and public career, their remote and secluded existence, naturally hindered their meeting. It was unlikely, it was scarcely possible, that they should know much of each other. Their ways of life, of character, of thought, would perhaps have sundered them somewhat even under conditions more favourable to their union. And, as I judged, the relationship was not very close. My father was not of Purrrington. It was only by his marriage that the Nightingales were connected with the Orme family, or with the present inmates of the Down Farm. I represented that link, and Sir George had at once recognised it, without hint of reluctance or distaste. He had done all that the situation had seemed to demand of him. He had inquired concerning my mother and my uncle with all necessary courtesy; any great show of cordiality in regard to them was not to be looked for. Still, I must end as I began: Sir George perplexed me somewhat. I felt that I did not comprehend him.

I sent my mother a full account of my visit to my distinguished kinsman.

She replied briefly. She was pleased to learn that Sir George had shown me kindness. She had always understood that his success in his profession had been very great. She trusted that I would always treat him with the consideration and respect due to his elevated position. At the same time she cautioned me not to trespass on his politeness, nor to intrude upon him too frequently, seeing how valuable his time must necessarily be. I was to be very careful not to overtax his friendliness towards me, nor to construe his offers of service too literally. The great were often tempted out of courtesy to say more than they really meant. Concern-

ing my delay in presenting the letter of introduction she made no remark. It was plain that she did not view it as a matter of any moment. In a postscript she stated that she should be glad to be informed of any further interviews Sir George might favour me with.

Tony, to whom I hastened on quitting Harley-street, was much gratified with my narrative, and in his sanguine way predicted the most surprising consequences as likely to ensue from it. He looked upon my fortune as made. He regarded Sir George as a very glorious person indeed. He had not, he owned, hitherto held the serjeant-painter's art in very high estimation; henceforward he promised to view it much more favourably. It was a pity, he thought, that I was not a painter. In such case I might certainly look for Sir George's mantle, in his character of serjeant-painter, to descend upon me. Still, he would surely assist me, and further my interests in a great variety of ways. A bachelor, why should he not adopt me? He was not likely to marry now. Could he do better than constitute me his heir, in right of my name and my supreme abilities? Tony had a great deal to say on this subject.

I did not as yet venture to touch upon the plan I had formed for obtaining him employment in Sir George's studio. I felt that it would be premature until I knew more of Sir George, and had ascertained whether I could possibly, with any hope of succeeding, address him upon the matter. Still I hoped that this opportunity of assisting my friend might speedily arise. For I could see that there was real necessity for Tony's finding occupation and proper reward. He did not complain, and, to all appearance, was as gay and light of heart as ever. But, in truth, his task of colouring the plates of the *Milliner's Magazine* was wretched drudgery, and very ill-remunerated. He was capable of doing much better; for he possessed real ability, though it might stand considerably in need of discipline and guidance. He was poor, and he had now begun to look poor. He was forced to deny himself many things—trifling luxuries they might be—but he had been accustomed to them for so long, that to lose them was a real deprivation to him. Poverty was indeed pinching him. His old dainty, dandy air was almost gone from him. He explained laughingly that he now cultivated an artistic slovenliness

of appearance, and that he should let his beard grow, when Nature was kind enough to assist him in carrying out that intention. He persistently refused to borrow money of me. Again and again he put back my proffered purse; not that there was much in it, but I knew that his means were now reduced to nothing almost.

"There's a good deal due to me," he said, "and of course it will all be paid one of these fine days. But just now, you know, I haven't the heart to plague poor Rachel about it. I'm sure she's no money to spare. I must get on without it somehow. I own I'm dreadfully hard up, but, poor child, she musn't know it. She's got quite enough trouble on her hands already."

I could not urge him to apply to Rachel. I knew well that the Monck household was terribly straitened at this time. Still, I felt that my good, generous friend was hardly and unfairly used. I missed even more than he did, perhaps, his dandy graces and adornments; his glossy clothes, light gloves, flowered button-holes, and tasselled canes. They suited him so well that they seemed to be part of himself. It was hard that he and shabbiness should make acquaintance, and become close allies. He was to me as a dainty flower to be carefully treasured in a delicate vase of ornate glass or painted china; not thrust into a coarse vessel of pewter or brown earthenware. I was greatly grieved when he told me that he had paid his first visit to a pawnbroker. He spoke lightly and laughingly of it, but he blushed a little the while.

"There was no help for it," he said. "I didn't like it, but I don't feel ashamed. I couldn't get on without an advance. All will come right by-and-bye. It's simply a commercial transaction. Nobody is thought the worse of for charging an estate; why, then, should people look askance at one for mortgaging one's superfluities of dress? The scale of the affair can't make any difference. Pawnbroker is not a pleasant word; but call the lender mortgagee, or even 'uncle,' as the world does, and it's surprising what a difference it makes. He appears in quite an amiable light; a family friend who has kindly stepped in to render valuable aid in a sudden emergency. He wouldn't look at my art studies in oil—there, I think, he was wrong, for they are really well worth looking at; but he was very ready with an advance upon my shirt-studs. I hold his tickets as the title-

deeds of those articles of jewellery. I shall redeem the mortgage, of course, as soon as may be. Meanwhile, don't look so serious, my dear Duke, please don't. I haven't robbed the pawnbroker's till. I don't like 'spouting,'—that's the word—but could I help it? Surely it's better than applying to Rachel—troubling her under present circumstances?"

It was better; I felt that. Yet I reminded him that he might have borrowed of me.

"You're the best fellow in the world," he kindly said, and there was the glister of tears in his eyes as he spoke. "But you see I don't like creditors; it's pleasant to me to abuse them. Now I couldn't do that with any sort of justice or sense of comfort if you were one of them. Could I? I should be landed in all kinds of inconveniences. I should have to keep a perpetual watch over my tongue. One cannot be always making exceptions, passing saving clauses. I'm rather fond of sweeping statements myself. I should constantly, in the most unconscious way, be treading on your corns. No; you wouldn't mind or cry out very much, I dare say. But think of the pain I should feel, when I came to remember, as I should surely do, my folly, my thoughtless ingratitude."

I had seen Rachel again and again. She had sent for me on business of the office, Vickery being the bearer of her message. He performed his task in this respect with considerable reluctance, still disapproving, as it seemed to me, my admission to the upper chambers of the house. Rachel I found always seated at her desk in the front drawing-room. Her manner did not vary; it was uniformly simple, kindly, graceful. Her industry was quite exemplary; she executed her task of copying papers and documents with the same diligence and completeness. She looked pale and worn, I thought, but her steady eyes were still bright, her smile was not less engaging, and the wistful beauty of her air and expression appealed to me more and more forcibly. From each interview with her I returned with my heart still further stirred by admiration of her, by a sense of devotion to her. But I said no word of this to any one. I felt that I could not trust myself to speak upon the subject to Tony, from whom otherwise I had few secrets. I knew that she loved him. He did not even suspect this; but by-and-bye he might discover it—and then?

I had not seen Mr. Monck. But I

learned that his state of health had much amended; could now be more hopefully viewed, indeed, than had been possible for some time past. I surmised this in the first instance from a certain change I one day noted in Rachel. She seemed relieved, not altogether, but still in an appreciable degree, from the pressure of a cruel burden. Her air had become less subdued, and, if I may say so, more girlish. She spoke more freely, and I was enthralled by the beauty of her smile. In reply to my inquiries, she informed me that Mr. Monck was really better.

She complimented me upon the improvement in my handwriting. Indeed, I had taken pains to merit her approbation. No doubt my penmanship still left much to be desired. There had been a change, however, and, under the circumstances, any change could not but be for the better.

It was sometimes our joint task to compare the transcripts we had made with the draft or original writings. We took turns in reading aloud and noting any clerical errors that might have crept into our copies. The papers were for the most part uninteresting even to unintelligible proceedings in Chancery, or, now and then, abstracts of title and other complicated conveyancing matters. Still I found the occupation very delightful.

She had been reading in her peculiarly clear, soft, musical tones. She stopped suddenly, and there danced a charming sparkle of merriment in her dark, grey eyes, as she said, "I'm afraid you have not been attending, Mr. Nightingale. I skipped a line on purpose to try you; and you took no notice of the omission."

It was true. I had been listening to the silvery melody of her voice, regardless of the dull, formal words she uttered. I murmured vague apologies. I owned that for the moment my attention had strayed. I could hardly confess the plain truth.

"It's really important these copies should be correct," she said, quietly. "Perhaps in future it will be better that you should read. Only you must take care to leave off when you're tired."

It was so pleasant to be near her, and to steal occasional glances over the top of the papers at the graceful lines of her bowed head, at the rich bands of her dark hair, her tiny transparent ear, and the delicate colouring of her brunette cheek and neck, that however great the risk of losing my place scandalously, and seeming absurdly stupid in her eyes, I went on reading sometimes

until my tongue clove to my palate, and my voice died away into the faint inarticulate murmur of wind in a pipe. I was determined to go on until power of utterance quitted me altogether.

"I'm sure you're tired. You *must* be tired. In any case, that will do for to-day. I congratulate you, Mr. Nightingale. Your copy is most correct." I was quitting the room when she said, with a rather confused air, "You have seen my cousin of late?"

"I saw him last night, Miss Monck."

"And he is well? Quite well? It is so long since we have met!"

"He is rather busy, I think."

"Busy? Ah! I remember—he told me. Colouring plates for a magazine. Poor Tony!" She pressed her hand upon her forehead. "He is paid for what he does, I hope?"

"Yes. He is paid. But not very handsomely, I fear."

"Poor Tony." And she sighed. "But he mustn't desert me. You have influence with him, Mr. Nightingale. Kindly tell him not to forget me. Will you? Not formally, you know; not as though I had asked you to remind him. But it's really so long since I've seen him. It's not right of him to keep aloof from me."

She rested her head upon her hand, and seemed to lose herself in thought. I noticed the tears gather in her eyes. I quietly withdrew.

I spoke to Tony on the subject. He admitted that he had not been to Golden-square for some time past.

"I'll go soon," he said; "but not yet. You see, poor Rachel will think I've only come for money, and she'll trouble herself dreadfully about it. I long to be able to say to her, 'I'm independent, Rachel. I can earn enough to live on. Never mind about the arrears of my annuity, or its future payment.' I don't care to see her until I can say that to her. I soon shall, I do fervently trust."

I had lately received a liberal remittance from my uncle. He expressed a hope that I would make it last for some time, adding

a mild warning against extravagance. In a kindly postscript, however—which I judged to be of my mother's suggesting—he stated that he was well aware that London was an expensive place, and he would not have me deny myself any comforts suitable to my position and occupation in life.

I then carried into execution a cunning plan I had formed.

"Tony," I said, "Miss Monck has charged me to give you these." I handed him five guineas. "You will kindly give me a receipt—it's a matter of business, you see, and I should like to satisfy her that I have faithfully discharged her commission. One can't be too business-like in such cases."

He was completely deceived. But he was of most unsuspecting nature at all times.

"It's very good of Rachel. I can't say that the money has come before it was wanted. But I do hope that the poor child has not pinched herself. I ought to call and thank her, or at any rate to make sure that she can really spare the amount. I know that she has many calls upon her just now."

I was alarmed.

"I told her you were very busy, and made excuses for you on that score. I thought you had quite resolved not to see her until you had really good news to tell."

He did not go to Rachel. My treachery was well intended. Yet I regretted it. I felt that I had not dealt fairly with Rachel Monck, and that my motives might be gravely misconstrued. I was chargeable with loving her myself, and on that account sundering her from one I knew she loved. Yet in good sooth there had been no such stuff in my thoughts.

Shortly will be published, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

**THE TENTH VOLUME**  
OF THE NEW SERIES OF  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND**  
To be had of all Booksellers.

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*



# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE,

**NORTON'S**

## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION  
AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, & SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for

all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it

takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing in justice to say, that they are really the

most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomeness, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native

production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink **always** in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing, a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's

*Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price, 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "**NORTON'S PILLS**," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation

CLEAR COMPLEXION !!



## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

---

## STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS, FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced **spurious imitations**, in some of which the **outside Label** and the **coloured Paper** enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a **special caution** against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "**JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey,**" are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, **in White Letters on a Red Ground**, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EEs*.

Prepared only at Walworth, Surrey, and Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in Packets, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.



S

ing,  
ning  
ness,  
skin  
very  
y a  
both,

ors

S,

ts of

s, in  
per  
al as  
feels  
such

serve  
rth,  
d to  
nd,  
spelt

y all  
kets,



# CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

Opiates, Narcotics, and Squills are too often invoked to give relief in Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Diseases. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

## SELECT TESTIMONIAL.

Dr. ROOKE, Scarborough, Author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—"I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption; and I can, with the greatest confidence, recommend it as a most valuable adjunct to an otherwise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the Constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Consumptive Night Sweats, Quinsy, and all Affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 9d., 6s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and Wholesale by JAS. M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

\* Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "Diseases of the Lungs and Air-Vessels" a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.

**KEATING'S**

**COUGH**

**LOZENGES.**

Known as unquestionably the Safest and Best Remedy for

**COUGHS,**

**ASTHMA,**

**HOARSENESS,**

**CONSUMPTION (Incipient),**

**ACCUMULATION OF PHLEGM,**

**DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING.**

These Lozenges contain no opium nor any deleterious drug, therefore the most delicate can take them with perfect confidence. No remedy is so speedy and certain in its beneficial effects.

Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, 1s. 1/2, and 2s. 9d. each.

**RECOMMENDED**

**BY THE**

**MOST EMINENT**

**OF THE**

**FACULTY.**

## ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

# PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, AND BATTERIES.

A self applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to noxious medicines or other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

**J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.**

# THE CHEQUE BANK, LIMITED, OFFICES: PALL MALL EAST, AND 124, CANNON STREET, E.C.

The GUARANTEE FUND of £100,000 CONSOLS has been invested in the names of the following

TRUSTEES.

ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq., M.P. | CUTHBERT B. ELLISON, Esq., J.P. | SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P. | W.H. SMITH, Esq., M.P.

The cheques of the Cheque Bank supply a new, safe, and universally applicable method of paying and transmitting small amounts of £10 and under.

Each cheque will bear stamp on its face the maximum amount for which it can be filled up, but the maximum amount must be previously deposited, and thus no account can be overdrawn. All cheques are crossed and payable only to order.

The cheques are supplied in books of ten each, costing 1s., being 10d. Government duty and 2d. Bank commission. APPLICATIONS FOR CHEQUE BOOKS to be made at the Offices above, or at any of the following Bankers, where the funds of the Cheque Bank will be deposited:—

The Bank of England; and Western  
Branch.  
Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co.  
Alexanders, Cunniffes & Co.  
Alliance Bank, Limited.  
City Bank.  
Consolidated Bank, Limited.

Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard and Co.  
Horries, Farquhar and Co.  
Jay Cooke, McCulloch and Co.  
National Bank.  
National Provincial Bank of England.  
Ransom, Bouverie and Co.  
R. Twining and Co.

Williams, Deacon and Co.

Manchester and County Bank.  
Manchester and Salford Bank.  
Union Bank of Scotland.  
National Bank of Scotland.

Additions to this list will be published from time to time.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

# EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"*THERE are very few simple articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homœopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.*"—*On Diet, in the "Civil Service Gazette"*

"*A VISIT TO EPPS'S COCOA MANUFACTORY.*—Through the kindness of Messrs. Epps, I recently had an opportunity of seeing the many complicated and varied processes the Cacao bean passes through ere it is sold for public use, and being both interested and highly pleased with what I saw during my visit to the manufactory, I thought a brief account of the Cacao, and the way it is manufactured by Messrs. Epps to fit it for a wholesome and nutritious beverage, might be of interest to the readers of '*Land and Water.*'"—*See Article in "Land and Water"*

"*MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.*—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—*See Article in "Cassell's Household Guide."*

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EACH TIN-LINED PACKET IS LABELLED

**JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,**

48, THREADNEEDLE STREET, and 170, PICCADILLY;

Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road, London.

Preparers of Epps's Glycerine Jujubes, for Throat-Irritation.



